ONEBLINK
FORYES

One Blink For Yes by BelieveUnique

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Summary: A Stranger Things AU in which El did not disappear at the end of Episode 8. I'm not really sure where this is going to lead to. It may just be a collection of One-Shots in which El adjusts to normal life... Rated Mature just because there may be some scenes which can be counted as "mature", though no smut, just realistic. Hope you have a fun time reading my story! Pre Season 2

One Blink For Yes

Hello, Everyone! This is my first Stranger Things Fanfic (I have so many ideas it's not even funny). I'm not sure where this one is going to go quite yet, to be honest. At this point, I know it's an AU in which El did not disappear with the Demagorgon at the end of Season 8. The bad men may or may not be dead yet, but all that is sure that the gang IS back together now, and we'll let everything go from there…

"Are you okay, young one?" Eleven feels a hand on her wrist – a cold one – pressing into it with two fingers. She can feel her blood pumping underneath his fingers, and he finally lets go. The fluorescent lights shine through her closed eyelids and cause a rosy tint to everything. She slowly opens her eyelids, the world hazy around her. Above, is the outline of a person, a man, she thinks, but a stranger nonetheless. She opens her eyes more, trying to get accustomed to the bright light shining down on her. The room seems familiar, though she can't place it. Around are white walls and she feels herself in an uncomfortable bed. The cloth she wears is scratchy, but also soft, and as she looks down she realizes it is a hospital gown – the same style of which she wore every day for almost 12 years.

Immediately, she sits up straight, her heart pumping faster and faster in her chest. The man stands up, his white coat buttoned all the way to his collar.

"No!" She screams grabs the blanket off of her, throwing it at him. "No!"

"El… El! It's okay!" Dustin stands by the door, his face concernedly furrowed. Two more boys are immediately by his side, Mike and Lucas. She blinks at them, confused. *Not okay,* she thinks. *Bad men.*

Mike is the first to enter the room, coming to her bedside. He touches her arm, which she immediately jerks away. "El, it's okay. He's a doctor, he's here to help you."

"Help… Me?" She blinks at Mike, and then at the other two boys for reassurance.

Lucas nodded. "Yeah, you've never been to the doctor before? They make sure you get better."

El relaxes a little bit, though she is still very tense. "Better?"

"Yeah, like, when you get sick." Mike sat at the edge of her bed. She noticed his hair was messier than usually, and he was covered in dirt. Looking around, she noticed the other two boys were in the same situation.

"Mike… what happened?" El searched her memory for something, anything. In her bones, she knew that something *bad* had happened, something terrifying. She thought about Joyce, how she'd helped her. The floating pool… and then, nothing after that.

Lucas looked at El, confused. "What happened? What do you mean? You killed that…" Dustin elbowed him in the rib, motioning towards the doctor, who was still standing in the room.

"Ow! What was that for?" Lucas shoved him with his shoulder.

Lucas shoved him back as Dustin started to speak. "Is she okay, Doctor… What's your name?"

"Harbold. And yes, as far as I can tell, she's perfectly fine. Must've been quite a fall down the stairs; you definitely have a concussion. Your speech is impaired, as well, but that should come back in time." He smiled down at El.

El nodded and looked at the boys, confused. "Thank… you?"

"Well, as far as I can tell, there is no damage that I can tell of. Do you mind sending your Dad back in here?"

Looking to Mike, El furrowed her eyebrows. "Dad?"

Mike nodded. "Yeah, I'll get him!" He rushed out of the hospital room, only to return in a couple of seconds with Jim Hopper, following quickly behind.

"You feeling alright, kiddo?" He knelt by her side and smiled up at her. Eleven nodded slowly and smiled back.

Dr. Harbold took out some papers and handed them to Hopper, folding his arms. "These are for you to fill out. She seems to be doing fine, just let her rest for a couple of days, and no more running around, young lady, until your head heals up, alright?"

Hopper nodded. "Of course, Doctor. Thank you so much for taking care of my little girl."

"Of course; it's my job. Well, I hope you folks have a nice day. Turn that paperwork in to the lady at the front desk." He escorted himself out of the room, closing the door.

"So you really don't remember anything after the salt pool?" Mike leaned forward, his face in dismay.

El shook her head. "No. What… happened?"

Mike gulped a little bit. "Nothing much…"

Dustin shot him a look of shock. "Nothing much? Are you kidding me? El, you *killed* the Demagorgon."

Lucas crossed his arms. "You used your powers to turn him to dust, basically."

El looked back and forth between all of them. "Papa… Is he…"

"Gone." Hopper lightly touched her shoulder. "Him and the rest of those bastards are where they belong now."

"Where?" She furrowed her eyebrows.

Hopper crossed his arms. "Hell."

"What is… Hell?" She turned to Mike.

He shook his head. "We are not having this conversation right now."

"Will?" It's me, Mom. Can you wake up, honey, It's your mom…" His eyelids felt heavy as he tried to open them, the lashes fluttering sporadically against his cheek. The room was mostly dark, but he could see her standing above him, the scent of the sweet perfume

ever-so-slightly brushing his senses. It was Mom, it was really her.

As he opened his eyes, he noticed that it wasn't just Mom, it was his room. His toys, his books, his drawings hanging from tacks on the wall. So, maybe it wasn't just a dream. Maybe it was all real…

"Good morning, Mom." His throat was dry and coarse as he tried to talk. He gasped for pain and whimpered.

Joyce Byers stroked the hair on his forehead. "It's okay, sweet pea. You don't have to talk."

He nodded and sat up a little bit more. He felt sore, very sore. Every muscle in his body was aching for him to lay down again, but he did not.

"W-What happened?" Will's voice was as coarse and dry as before.

Joyce stroked his forehead. "We got you out of there, hon. Me and Hopper did. T-this girl, her name is Eleven, she helped us and…"

"Her name is Eleven?" He cocked his head to the side.

Nodding, Joyce stroked his arm lovingly. "She'll be coming here to stay with us for now. That girl… that amazing, amazing, girl… She's the reason you're here with me now." Her eyes welled up and she smiled down at her boy, the boy who survived all odds, the one who came back from the dead.

"Where's Jonathon? Is he here? I want to see him, Mom."

Joyce nodded and stood up, rubbing her hands through his hair one last time, just to reassure herself that this was all real, that he was still there. "I'll grab him, hon. He's just in his room."

Joyce left without another word, only one last look at her son as she reached the door. He lay there, his doe eyes closing softly and peacefully. She smiled and left the room, her heart swollen with love for her family.